

Acrostic.

TO MY WIFE.

ELIZABETH, my youth's loved wife,
Long have I thought to sing of thee:
I crave no other one in life;
Zeal thou hast shown in serving me.
Among my trials in the world—
Before I know what course to steer,
Each time thy gentle voice is heard—
Thine helping hand is always near.
How happy have we lived thus far;

Devoted thou hast been to truth;
Always it was thy leading star;
Vice ne'er misled thee in thy youth.
I kindly hand this tribute to my wife,
Sweet, kind, and merry, and my joy
through life.

JOHN S. DAVIS.

G. S. L. City, Jan. 17, 1867.

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